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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1884.

No. 4.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER II.



ON the 28th and 29th of September, 1864, General Hood broke camp, and marched his army across the Chattahoochee river, at Pumpkin Town and Phillips' Ferry, and moved his supply trains by the way of Moore's Ferry. General Jackson's cavalry command moved in advance of the infantry, and operated on the right flank of the army, and threatened the railroad between Atlanta and Marietta; and from his movements in that direction ascertained that Kilpatrick's cavalry was north of the Chattahoochee, and that General Garrad's cavalry had gone further north, in the direction of Rome.

General Hood marched his army to the immediate neighborhood of Lost Mountain, and camped. In the meantime, severe rains fell, and made the roads heavy and slippery.

On the 3d of October, General Stewart was ordered to move his corps to the right and strike the railroad at Big Shanty Station, and destroy it. In obedience to this order, General Stewart marched his corps by Lost Mountain, and struck the railroad at Big Shanty, which is immediately north of Kennesaw Mountain, captured the small garrisons quartered there and at Ackworth, and at once commenced the work of destroying the railroad. This corps extended northwardly on the railroad to Ackworth—Loring's division, at Ackworth, Walthall, at Moon's Station, and French, at Big Shanty. The destruction of the railroad was energetically prosecuted during the day and night of October 3d, and completed on the morning of the 4th of October.

General Hood, with Lee's and Cheatham's corps, moved to the left of Lost Mountain, and encamped at New Hope Church.

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On the 4th of October, General Hood directed General Stewart to rejoin the army with the divisions of Loring and Walthall, and ordered French's division, which was at the greatest distance from the objective point, to move up the railroad, north of Ackworth, "and fill up the deep cut at Allatoona with logs, brush, rails, dirt, etc.," and also, if he (French) can get such information as would justify him, if possible, move to that bridge (Etowah) and destroy it.

General Hood says, in "Advance and Retreat," page 257 :

"I had received information—and General Shoupe records the same in his diary—that the enemy had in store, at Allatoona, large supplies which were guarded by two or three regiments. As one of the main objects of the campaign was to deprive the enemy of provisions, Major-general French was ordered to move with his division, capture the garrison, if practicable, and gain possession of the supplies."

General Hood, in his report, dated Richmond, Va., February 15, 1865, addressed to General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector-general, Richmond, Va., said :

"Hearing that the enemy had a quantity of stores at Allatoona, I determined, if possible to destroy the bridge over the Etowah river, and directed Lieutenant-general Stewart to send a division also to Allatoona, instructing the officer in command to destroy the railroad there, and take possession of the place, if, in his judgment, when he reached there, he deemed it practicable. Accordingly, Major-general French was sent, who attacked the place early on the morning of the 6th of October, and quickly carried the enemy's outer line of works, driving him into a redoubt, and, with that exception, carried the place."

The orders actually issued by General Hood, and which state the object of this movement of French's division and indicate the purpose the commanding general had in view, are so essentially variant from the statements made in the above extracts, that it is believed the truth of history requires the production and publication of the original orders, and which are as follows.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
7:30 A. M., October 4th, 1864.

"GENERAL—General Hood directs that later in the evening you move Stevenson back to Davis' Crossroads, and that you bring two of your divisions back to Adam's, and between Adam's and Davis' Crossroads, placing them in such way as to cover the position at Adam's, now occupied by Stevenson; and that your third division (say French) shall move up the railroad *and fill up the deep cut at Allatoona with logs, brush, rails, dirt, etc.* To-morrow morning, at daylight, he desires Stevenson to be moved to Lieutenant-general Lee's actual left, and that two of your divisions, at *that time* at Adam's, to draw back, with your left in the neighborhood of Davis' Crossroads, and your right in the neighborhood of Lost Mountain; and the division that will have gone to Allatoona to march thence to

New Hope Church, and on the position occupied by your other troops—that is, that the division shall rejoin your command by making this march out from the railroad and *via* New Hope.

“General Hood thinks that it is probable that the *guard* at the railroad bridge on Etowah is small; and when General French goes to Allatoona, if he can get such information as would justify him, if possible, move to that bridge and destroy it.

“General Hood considers that its destruction would be a great advantage to the army and the country. Should he be able to destroy the bridge, in coming out he could move, as has been before indicated, *via* New Hope.

“Yours respectfully,

(Signed)

“A. P. MASON,

“Assistant Adjutant-general.

(Official) “W. D. GALE, *Assistant Adjutant-general,*
Major-general French, Commanding Division.”

And on the same day, additional instructions were given as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE.
OFFICE CHIEF OF STAFF, October 4, 1864, 11:30 A. M.

GENERAL: General Hood directs me to say that it is of the *greatest importance* to destroy the Etowah railroad bridge, if such a thing be possible. From the best information we have now, he thinks the enemy can not disturb us before to-morrow, and by that time your main body will be near the remainder of the army. He suggests that, if it is considered practicable to destroy the bridge when the division goes there and the artillery is placed in position, the commanding officer call for volunteers to go to the bridge with light wood and other combustible material that can be obtained, and set fire to it.

Yours, respectfully,

A. P. MASON, *Major and Assistant Adjutant-general.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL STEWART, *Commanding.*

It will be seen from the foregoing orders that General Hood was not aware that Allatoona was fortified, nor was he aware that large supplies were stored there and guarded by two or three regiments. While Stewart's corps was engaged in tearing up the railroad, commanding officers learned from the inhabitants that Allatoona was garrisoned by about three and one-half regiments and was a great depot for provisions. And General Stewart said to General French, when he gave him Hood's orders: “General Hood does not seem to be aware that the place is fortified, and now, French, here is a fine opportunity for you;”* and, after further conversation with French, increased his artillery to twelve guns, and sent Major Myrick in command of them.

Under these orders, General French left Big Shanty at 3:30 P. M. of October 4th, and marched to Ackworth. Although this division

* Letter of General French, May 30, 1881, published in *Courier-Journal* June 11, 1881.

arrived at Ackworth about dark, it was compelled to halt until near midnight, awaiting the arrival of rations, which should have been there on its arrival. General French knew nothing of the roads, the enemy's works, or position; was not supplied with a map, or furnished with a guide. It was important to procure the services of a guide, and, after much difficulty, a mere boy was found who claimed to know the roads and the lines of fortifications at Allatoona. At this point, Captain Taylor, of Colonel Robert Pinson's cavalry regiment, with a detail of twenty-five troopers, reported to General French; and he was ordered to send fifteen men, under a reliable officer, and "strike the railroad as near the Etowah bridge as possible, and to take up the rails and hide them, so as to prevent trains reaching Allatoona with re-enforcements, as well as to prevent any trains that might be there from escaping." From an eminence near Ackworth, the enemy could be seen communicating messages by their night signals from Allatoona with the station on Kennesaw, and to the east of us were the fires of a large encampment of the Federals, and apparently opposite Moon Station.*

At midnight, General French, accompanied by a guide, marched his division across Allatoona creek, and there left the Fourth Mississippi infantry with one piece of artillery, under the command of Colonel Adair, with instructions to surround and capture the block-house with its small garrison, and to destroy the railroad bridge. The night was intensely dark; the rugged spurs of the mountains, covered with a dense undergrowth, were difficult to ascend; and the natural difficulties encountered were so numerous that the movements of the troops were exceedingly slow, and the constant effort to maintain a foothold on the crags and mountain slopes made it an exhausting march on the men. And, to add to the annoyances of the march, the guide had an imperfect knowledge of the roads and surrounding mountains, and became confused, lost his bearings, and could not find the main range, and, after many efforts, the division was halted to await the break of day.

The artillery had been placed in position on the hills south and east of the railroad, supported by the Thirty-ninth North Carolina, under Colonel Coleman, and the Thirty-second Texas, under Colonel Andrews. This was done before the division marched under the directions of the guide to take position on the high range on the west of the fortifications.

With the break of day, the march was resumed, and by 7:30

*General French's report, *Annals of the Army of Tennessee*, p. 318.

o'clock of the morning, the head of the division was on the ridge, and about six hundred yards to the west of the fortifications; and it was fully 9 o'clock before the brigades were gotten into position. The fortifications were now seen for the first time, and, instead of two redoubts, there were disclosed to us three redoubts on the west of the railroad cut, and a star fort on the east, with outer works, and the approaches defended to a great distance by abattis, and nearer the works by stockades and other approaches.*

Taylor's cavalry detail had failed to tear up the rails of the railroad north of Allatoona and near the Etowah bridge, and the garrison was re-enforced during the night with Rowett's brigade, accompanied by General Corse.

Upon a consultation with the brigade commanders, and at the earnest solicitation of General Young, who was in command of Ector's brigade, General French reluctantly consented to send a flag of truce, with the demand for the unconditional surrender of the garrison. The writer carried this demand, under the flag of truce, accompanied by Lieutenant E. T. Freeman, and escorted by a detail of sixteen men, of the Twenty-ninth North Carolina, and delivered it at the picket line, on the north side of the fortifications, to the officer of the day, with the request that it be delivered to the officer commanding the garrison; and after waiting for a reply, and the time limited in the instructions to await an answer having expired, and it appearing quite evident that no reply would be sent, the flag of truce was declared at an end. The reply, as published in the *Memoirs of General Sherman*, was not sent, and it is a mistake to undertake to perpetuate it as a historical fact. General Corse, who was in command of the garrison, is alive, and it is safe to say, that he will not state that this reply was sent and delivered.

General French at once posted his troops and assaulted the works on the west side of Allatoona Pass, with Cockrell's and Ector's brigades, and on the north side of the mountain and east of the pass, the assault was made with Sears' Mississippi brigade. Major Myrick, chief of artillery of Loring's division, in command of the three batteries, consisting of eleven guns, was stationed, with its support of two regiments of infantry, south of the pass, so as to sweep the railroad cut through the mountain, which was about sixty-five feet deep. Cockrell's and Ector's brigades carried the works in their front, after

*French's report, *Annals of the Army of Tennessee*, p. 319; General J. D. Cox, in his work entitled "*Atlanta*," p. 239, on the authority of Colonel Poe, chief engineer, says there were two redoubts and no star fort.

a most stubborn and desperate defense, in which the bayonet and clubbed musket were used; and the garrison was driven from the mountain top, west of the pass, and across the railroad cut, when Myrick's artillery swept it with a fearful and devastating fire into the star fort. Sears carried the works in his front in gallant style, and the entire garrison was driven into the star fort.

General Corse maintained the star fort with an exhibition of gallantry and heroism, that should, and doubtless will, live in the pages of history, and when wounded and disabled, the command devolved upon Colonel Tourtelotte, of the Fourth Minnesota, whose courage, coolness, and capacity to command upon that occasion were, in all particulars, equal to those of General Corse; and the conduct of both officers, and also that of the officers and men under them, was illustrative of the character and quality of the material that made the armies under Sherman invincible.

The assaulting brigades sustained heavy losses, both in officers and men. Cockrell, with his famous Missouri brigade, led the charge on the west side of the mountain, passing over a large distance of abattis, made of felled timber, under a withering fire of musketry and artillery, ascended the mountain slope, and, with a grand rush, carried the outer line and one redoubt. Young, in command of Ector's brigade of heroic Texans, formed a part of this charging column, and gallantly, side by side with Cockrell's men, planted their regimental colors in the outer works of the enemy. For a moment the assaulting lines rested in the captured works, surveyed the work that was before them, and again this column in solid and compact lines, rushed on the second line and redoubt held by the enemy; and here the struggle, in a hand to hand conflict, raged with a fierceness and individual desperation that defies description. Sharp, quick, and fatal was this ghastly combat, and Sherman's soldiers perished in the ditches on this second line, with brave and resolute tenacity.

The second line and redoubt were carried, and the third and main redoubt was filled, and this contained all of the garrison. Sears' brigade on the north and east side of the mountain, carried the works in its front, and with a rush, drove the enemy from that direction into the third and last redoubt. The success of General Sears, in the vigorous charges made by his brigade, corresponded to the movements, in point of time and regularity of advance, to those made on the west by Cockrell's and Ector's brigades. The fire of the enemy in this last redoubt was, in a measure, silenced. It was completely commanded by the musketry of French's infantry, and its capture

appeared inevitable; and it was subjected to a constant and incessant fire from the assaulting troops, who were in possession of all of the fortified lines and works, outside of this last redoubt. The ordnance train had been left at the base of the mountain, distant more than a mile, for the reason that it was impossible to move it over the rough country, traversed by the infantry; and, before the final assault could be made, it was necessary to send details to bring a sufficient quantity to supply the men in line. The ammunition in the cartridge boxes of the men was about exhausted, and it was necessary to have a fresh supply before making the final assault on this last redoubt.

During this engagement, General French received a note from General F. C. Armstrong, dated 7 A. M., asking what time he would move toward New Hope and pass Ackworth, and also informing him that the enemy had encamped the night before east of the railroad, and north of the Kennesaw Mountain, and, at 12:10 P. M., he received another note from General Armstrong, written at 9 A. M., saying: "My scouts report the enemy's infantry advancing up the railroad. They are now entering Big Shanty. They have a cavalry force east of the railroad." Immediately on the receipt of this second note, General French took his guide aside, and asked him if, after the capture of the fort, he could move to New Hope Church by another route than the one by the block-house, at Allatoona creek, and thence by the Sandtown road to the Ackworth and Dallas road, and the guide said he could not.* This information entirely changed the condition of affairs. It would require at least two hours for the details to go and return with the ammunition, and no final assault could be made without it. The advancing column, reported to be at Ackworth at 9 A. M., could reach Ackworth as soon as he, and that would place that column within two miles of the road over which he was compelled to march to reach New Hope. He knew that General Stewart had been ordered to the neighborhood of Lost Mountain, and that his troops had been marching, working, and fighting since the morning of the 3d, and could they pass the third day and night without rest or sleep, if he remained to assault this last redoubt? It was not doubted that General Sherman would make the effort to intercept this division on its return. He was repeatedly signaled during the battle—a distance of about eighteen miles to Kennesaw. It was, therefore, under the circumstances, determined on to withdraw and rejoin the army at New Hope. The wounded were

* French's Report, "Annals of the Army of Tennessee," page 300.

collected together at the springs, on the ridge west of the fort. All that could be moved without litters were carried to the ambulances, and all others were left, at this improvised field hospital, in charge of surgeons detailed to remain with them. General Sears was ordered to withdraw his command and return by the route he went in, and, thereafter, General Cockrell was ordered to withdraw. The troops reformed on the original ground, west of the fortifications, and marched to the south side to the position occupied by the artillery, and commenced the march to New Hope. Colonel Andrews was instructed to remain in position until 5 P. M., then withdraw and cover the rear.

Colonel Adair burned the bridge of Allatoona creek and its duplicate, and also captured the block-house and its garrison.

The division captured two hundred and five prisoners, one United States flag, the colors of the Ninety-third Regiment of Illinois, many horses, arms, equipments, etc.

In Sears' brigade Colonel Clarke, of the Forty-sixth Mississippi, was killed at the head of his regiment, with his colors in his hands, and also fell many company officers and men.

General Young was wounded (but not captured, as stated by General Cox in his recent work, "*Atlanta*," 231), and also Colonel Camp of the Fourteenth Texas. This brigade suffered heavily in the loss of company officers—Captains Summerville, Thirty-second Texas; Gibson, Tenth Texas; Bates, Ninth Texas; Couley, and Adjutant Griffin, Twenty-ninth North Carolina.

In Cockrell's brigade among the killed were Majors Carter and Waddell, Captains Byrne, Patton, and Holland.

General Cox, in his history of this campaign ("*Atlanta*," page 231), says: "Looking to the numbers engaged, this was, no doubt, one of the most desperately contested actions of the war." And he mentions the fact, that the Thirty-ninth Iowa, in this battle, sustained one hundred and seventy casualties out of two hundred and eighty men, who went into the action, and its commander, "Colonel Redfield, fell shot in four places."

General French marched his division by the Ackworth and Dallas road, and, on the morning of the 6th of October, joined the army at New Hope. General Young, who was wounded while leading Ector's brigade in the charge at Allatoona, returned with his brigade to New Hope, and from this point undertook to go to Newnan, and was captured in his ambulance the day of his departure by the Federal troops near Lost Mountain.

On the 7th of October, General Hood moved his army, by the way of Van Wert, to Cedar Town, where he arrived on the afternoon of the 8th of October.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER V.



WO miles riding brought us to the little village of R—. There we were welcomed by friends from Tennessee. This did not tend to improve the amiability of the commanding officer, and his behaviour was not according to any civilized code. From eight o'clock in the morning until the sun had climbed to mid-heaven, he kept us exposed in an open buggy, or on horseback, this, too, when we had cordial invitations to the home of our friends.

Finally, he told us, that as we could not travel that day, we might accept the courtesy, but he should station guards in the yard, whom we must feed—and also send his dinner!

And so the afternoon of the second day found us. Meantime, the cause of our delay was divulged. "General——'s army is passing!"

The somber shadows of another night fell upon us, and through its dreary watches could be heard the tramp of passing soldiers! And *still the wagon had not come up*. I was growing not only uneasy but provoked at this continued delay, and the paltry excuses therefor.

I so told the captain, reminding him that I was not his prisoner, and should certainly report him to his superior officers, if he continued in his course—report him if I had to walk all the way back to —— to do so. He replied, "Don't be uneasy, it shall come up." So it did about twelve o'clock that day!

The road was now so blocked with men and wagons that going forward was not to be thought of before the next morning. We were instructed to start at six o'clock. Our progress was slow and painful, and at ten o'clock we were obliged to stop for the wagon trains to pass. An inviting farm-house with a long, cool veranda was hailed with delight. A large orchard whose fruity fragrance floated on the breeze, telling of apples more to be desired than those which Juno presented to the earth on her wedding-day, was just in the line of march.

The old farmer bade us welcome, and gave us a good dinner. Presently a rough regiment passed, and just in front of the gate they broke ranks, and commenced a free investigation of things. The old gentleman was fat and flurried and chiefly concerned that his gates should be shut, and his apple trees unshaken. He would call out to the hurrying squads, in earnest entreaty, "Please shut the gate, —please don't shake the trees—please don't do that"—and after them he would go to shut the gate. For two hours he was in a state of constant locomotion, when, to save further trouble, some stout soldiers knocked the inconvenient barrier away, and in they swarmed, until every green thing was stripped. The proprietor was out-generaled. In desperation he wiped the streaming sweat from his burning brows and sat down to watch the fun. This was his first experience, and his look of wonder, of hopelessness, and helplessness was ludicrous and pitiful. When the Dutch regiment came into view, his only exclamation was "My God!" He was a ruined man that year, unless he realized a big profit on his peach pies.

Toward three in the afternoon the chief of our escort said we must start. I told him we were not ready, that for one I did not intend to start again without the wagon, which had again disappeared; that I was in the mood of the traveler when attacked by highwaymen, and his money or life demanded: "Blow away," replied he, "I might as well go to London without brains as without money."

"I shall not go South without food and clothing."

"What shall you do then?" inquired he. "It is impossible for me to waste time here, and equally impossible to have the wagon travel as fast as we do."

"In such emergency then you might do for *us* what your are doing for yourselves, *press a team*."

"You *ask* what *I* will do! I shall appeal to Cæsar. General ——— is a gentleman; he is not far off, I shall put myself under his protection and go back—while I appeal to his brave officers already here in behalf of your prisoners." One of the officers then remarked, "Madam, you look troubled, what is the matter?" I stated the case briefly, and asked permission to read the order under which they were sent from home. This was promptly granted. After hearing it, he said, "Captain, the lady is right, your orders are explicit, and this document is as binding upon you as upon your prisoners. They are to be 'safely delivered' within Confederate lines, and you subject *yourself* to arrest should you fail in any part of your duty."

There was no further trouble, and for the rest of the journey the

wagon was kept ahead. The road was thronged with vehicles and soldiers, so that our advance was necessarily slow. We were not molested in any way, much, I thought, to the chagrin of the captain, whose design I suspected was, to abandon his charge to the mercies of "the lewd fellows of the baser sort" who follow in the track of every army.

A laughable incident occurred just before we reached our destination. We had our first view of colored citizens in soldiers' clothes. The sight was not cheering.

A big, burly fellow, with the blackest sort of skin, rode up to the fence where we were waiting the passing of the ammunition stores. Affecting an air and lisp in ill accord with his native manner and thick tongue, he inquired, "Can you thell a gentleman a foo egths?"

"What!" said the irate farmer.

"Can you thell a *gentleman* a foo egths?"

"You black rascal," said he, with a motion toward the top rail, "if you don't move from here, I'll show you——:" *he moved.*

A silver strand shining in the distance was joyfully described. We were nearing the placid Tennessee. The captain so far relaxed as to make some lemonade and offer us a drink, which was decidedly declined.

The river was crossed just below the Muscle Shoals, a point afterward made memorable by the crossing of Hood on his retreat from Tennessee.

The red light shone out from the deepening gray of the sky, and we were in Dixie!

MRS. SUE F. MOONEY.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF A CONFEDERATE.

NUMBER ONE.



THE fall of 1862, I was sent with two companies of cavalry, Co. "F" of the Seventh, and Co. "D" of the Eleventh Virginia, on a scout, from Winchester, Va., in the direction of Keyser, W. Va., to ascertain the number and purpose of a body of Federal troops collected there under command of Gen. Milroy. Moorfield, a charming old town in the valley of the south branch of the Potomac, was chosen as a basis from which to send out small parties to gather information; situated in a land "flowing with milk and honey" and with a popu-

lation ardently Southern, our appearance there was welcomed in the most substantial manner by supplies of everything that soldiers enjoyed, sent in profusion by those kind-hearted people. After spending several days in this "lap of luxury," which perhaps had made us less vigilant than we should have been in the enemy's country, we started to return to our command. Many of the men of both companies belonged to this valley, and when it became known that we were to leave, their friends and relatives flocked to the town to say good-bye to them. We halted, and in a few minutes the command was dismounted and scattered through the town, regardless of two strangers who appeared to be farmers from the neighboring mountains, but who were in reality "Jessie Scouts." All went as "merry as a marriage bell," until a shot from the pistol of one of the supposed mountaineers, informed us that we had been surprised—a regiment of Federal cavalry, led by these very men, had come in a back road, in rear of our pickets, who had not the slightest suspicion of a blue coat within fifteen miles—and when first discovered were charging upon us, not two squares off. Our men took in the situation at once; the few who were mounted formed across the street and opened fire upon the advancing column, which checked them for a few minutes, long enough for the dismounted men to regain their horses, when a general retreat began, with a running fire kept up between our rear and their front. Turning in my saddle to fire, I unconsciously bore the bit of the young horse I was riding too hard to the left, which caused him to leave the main street and run into a lot open towards the street, but enclosed on all the other sides. Once in, I could not get out, and was obliged to surrender to a number of Federals who followed and surrounded me. Most of the command made their escape, while several were wounded, one killed, and three captured besides myself—quite a disappointment to the enemy, who had been informed of our movements, and had ridden all night to surprise us. They did not tarry long, being evidently uneasy, but started back to Keyser from whence they had come. Passing through a gap in the mountain, the adjutant rode back and said to our guard, "If we are bushwhacked here, shoot these prisoners;" a command which surprised us very much and set us to thinking how best to sell our lives. After passing the Gap, I asked the sergeant in charge of us, if he intended to obey that order—when he replied at once "No! that fellow is a fool—we have no right to shoot a prisoner." He was a member of the Ringgold cavalry of Pennsylvania, and his conduct to us all was kind. We rode almost all night only stopping for supper—and I

could have made my escape several times, but I did not wish to get our kind-hearted guard into trouble. On reaching Keyser, I was put in the basement of a large house that had belonged to my father, which had been turned into a guard-house, while the upper stories, with the furniture, had been taken by a former employe, and converted into a boarding-house for Federal officers and camp followers. We had plenty of company in our part of the house—about fifty confined for offences against military orders—some in chains, for disrespect to a superior officer, while in our army, men in those days were seldom punished; to have been in the guard-house only a few hours was a disgrace. We were confined here several days, and our companions were constantly changing. Those who were in for a long term had organized a court, and tried every new-comer for some imaginary offence, which always ended in their conviction, and they were obliged to pay a fine of tobacco or pipes for the prisoners—failure to do so subjected them to being tossed in a blanket, and woe to the fellow who resisted! We were brought up before this court the morning after our arrival, and an attorney was about to state the charges against us, when a large, muscular man, apparently a leader, said, "May it please your honor, judge, these are our guests, and I move no charges be brought against them, but they be allowed the freedom of our house," which was unanimously carried, thus proving that the American volunteer will not oppress the defeated.

From Keyser, we were taken by railroad, under care of Lieutenant Meyers of the Ringgold Cavalry, whose gallantry and kindness I will never forget, to Wheeling and thence to the military prison at Columbus, Ohio. Here we underwent a rigid search, and everything of value on our persons taken from us. Inside we met a number of friends and congenial companions—many of whom had never been in the army, only suspected "Southern Sympathizers," and now only wanting the opportunity to get into our army. Our fare was good enough and the social attractions first-class; every one had some trade or profession to follow; some tailors, some shoemakers, some manufacturers of ornaments cut with the pen-knife, others took in washing and mending. The more intellectual had moot courts, where men were tried by a regular, empaneled jury for imaginary offences, and prosecuted and defended, in the most ludicrous manner possible—one fellow was tried for burning up a stone turnpike—and debating societies, where every conceivable question was discussed. Our prison quarters were low wooden shanties, badly lighted and ventilated, with bunks at the sides, like shelves in a book-case, for sleeping—no bed

but the hard board, and one thin blanket for covering. The whole was enclosed by a high board fence, or wall, on the top of which were sentries, with orders to fire on any one who should approach within ten feet, or keep a light burning after taps. Such was Camp Chase—one of the best prisons of the North. We formed numerous plans to escape, but before any could be put into execution, I was sent with several hundred others to Cairo, for exchange. We arrived there in the night, the rain pouring, and were marched and halted for hours before reaching our quarters which were *mule pens*, wooden stables in the center of muddy yards, under the levees of the river. I asked the officer in charge of the guard, if it were possible that he was going to put us in such a place, without fire? "Yes," he answered, and ordered his men to load their guns, and if those prisoners came within five feet of them, or gave them a word of impudence, to *shoot them down*. I asked him very politely to what distinguished officer we were indebted for these favors—as it was possible I might have an opportunity to return them in the course of events, but he rode off without giving the information. The guards, fresh troops from Michigan who were kindly disposed towards us, said he belonged to the local staff of the commandant of the post, had never smelt gunpowder, and probably never would; but they made us fires, and contributed all they could to our comfort. The next day all the officers of our party were paroled, and allowed the freedom of the town, except myself, as a punishment for my impudence to the "local staff." During our stay here small-pox broke out in our camp, and many fell victims to the disease. Our rations consisted principally of "slippery" bacon and mouldy crackers, the former we used as fuel mostly. After several weeks, we were put on board the steamboat "Minnehaha" with other prisoners from Louisville and St. Louis, in all about 1,200, and started down to Vicksburg for exchange. The "Rebel yell" that went up from those happy men, as we backed out from the wharf at Cairo, must have struck terror to the heart of the "local staff." Our trip down the river was sadly monotonous—sickness increasing, till small-pox and erysipelas were epidemic, and every day the boat landed at some lonely sand-bar, or island, to bury the dead—poor fellows, wrapped in their blankets, uncoffined, they were left where the river soon swept away all traces of a grave. Those who had faced Death at the cannon's mouth shuddered at their sad fate. One case I can never forget. An old man, from the mountains of West Virginia, who had been suspected of giving the "secesh" information, was torn from his wife and large family of children the

summer before. Being very thinly clad, he became an easy prey to disease; every day we could see him gradually sinking. He loved to talk of his family, and his mountain home, and would murmur: "If I could only feel the leaves of the trees under my feet, and breathe the mountain air again, I would get well." E. H. M.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

GEORGIA GIRLS.

I often wonder what has become of the pretty girls of Georgia. I don't mean that there are none now, but those who were in existence during the war. Bless them, I suppose they are happy mothers and stately matrons now. I was through a portion of the State in 1881, and heard from several of them. How often and again I think of the rousing times we had when on furlough or sick leave. Yes, I had fun always when on sick leave, for a man may not be able to go through the rough labor of the camp and march, yet have enough life left to spend sleepless nights going to parties and dances.

For hospitality, patriotism, virtue, and jollity, I would exchange the Georgia girls for none. We would leave the hospital and walk five miles in the country to a party and dance all night, and the girls would visit us in the sick room next day, bringing good things, and apologize for not having better.

I remember Miss Georgia P——, living a few miles from Palmetto; ah! I will never forget her. I wonder if she is still living and remembers the time when we were stationed at Dalton, and we corresponded by such melting, tender missives. I wrote love letters for two others in our company, and really thought I was an adept in the business. I usually closed with a bit of poetry. One I remember I added a stanza running thus:

"Divinest eyes so full of love
How in my dreams they haunt me," etc.

She would answer in somewhat the same strain. I almost got sick to see her, and as I had no excuse for a furlough my case was almost hopeless. The orders were to grant no leaves of absence, only to soldiers who were going away to get married, and probably one or two, to me, impossible conditions. She wrote me that there was to be a grand excursion to Stone Mountain, where an immense "picnic" was to take place, and urged me to come. I answered in a long letter stating the conditions only on which I could come, and that much to my sorrow I was compelled to know that on that day and in

that happy throng, some one else would probably enjoy her society and listen to the music of her enchanting voice. Promptly a reply came on two separate sheets of paper, one of which explained the meaning of the other. True to her woman's wit she had fixed the plan. The second letter was couched in the tenderest language and spoke of our union on the date of the excursion without mentioning the picnic at all, and without really committing us to matrimony, though to all except us it read just that way. I pinned the letter on to my application for a furlough, and it just went booming right towards headquarters, thus: Approved and forwarded, Thos. W. Thompson, Col. 4th Ky. I. V.; approved and forwarded, Jos. H. Lewis, Brig. Gen. commanding First Ky. Brigade, by Fayette Hewitt, A. A. G., and on to Gen. Bate's headquarters, and on to corps headquarters. But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft alee." Before it reached its final destination the long roll beat, and we were hurried to battle. No pen can describe the suffering I endured for three months, when one day found us lying in some earth works in her father's yard. The house was deserted, and no one nigh to tell me whither my Georgia had flown. The letter I received at Dalton was the last I ever heard of her.

FRED JOYCE.

[For the BIVOUC.]

JOHN MORGAN.

An officer of the Federal army contributes the following:

In the early part of the war, near Bowling Green, Kentucky, a company of cavalry, uniformed in the blue of the United States army, was seen to halt a few hundred yards in advance of General McCook's division. The cavalymen had dismounted, and were lounging about as if waiting orders, while one who seemed the captain, rode around and within the infantry lines for several minutes, and then returned to his company. The men were mounted, and the company rode leisurely down the road and out of sight. Nothing was thought of the affair until a non-combatant, a brother of one of the Federal lieutenants, came, under a flag of truce, to General McCook's headquarters with a copy of the *Louisville Courier*, then published on wheels, and bore a note informing the general that the writer had just made a *thorough reconnoissance* of his camp, and asked a *Louisville Journal* in exchange for the paper sent. The note, in respectful terms, was signed, "JOHN MORGAN."

[For the BIVOUAC.]

FROM INFANTRY TO CAVALRY.



DOWN in Georgia, at Lovejoy Station, we were lying in the trenches, wondering what would be the next movement of our people, when the command was given to move out of the works. So our gallant brigadier marched us to the rear, and we were much mystified concerning our destination. Perhaps we were to make a flank movement, or be taken farther South to catch raiding Federal cavalry, as we had tried before. It was some time before we were halted and informed that at last the Confederate Government had concluded to put us on horseback. There was great rejoicing when this fact became known. The trench-stained veterans were wild with delight. Polk Stone clinched the whole matter, and gave at once a fit expression to our feelings by the following words: "Boys, I'll bet the war don't last three weeks; it is certain to stop, now the Orphan Brigade has got a good thing."

Many were fearful it was not true, but that we were only to go off to harder fields, if, indeed, such could be found. The lapse of years has not obliterated the scene on the old sand road leading to Barnsville. Our little band, which once presented nearly five thousand, well dressed, youthful men on parade, now fronted into line only about six hundred ragged, grizzled warriors. But though their clothing was badly torn, and colored by the clay and dirt of Georgia, they were skilled in the use of the Enfield, and knew how to fight as well as any of their officers, and were really as effective as four times their number of new soldiers. Hopes of seeing home again once more abided on the bronzed features, and the few hearts swelled with unspeakable joy. I remember some, though, who were not in favor of the movement. It was sad to think that our name would disappear from the glorious achievements of the Army of Tennessee. It was sad to think of heroes we were leaving in the trenches to face the storm of twice their number, and to know that Cleburne's and Cheatham's boys would miss us when they started for the enemy. But life became suddenly very sweet, and it was not long before we were rioting in all the pleasures incident to "mounted life."

It was a sight worth seeing, when we first received our horses. The uniforms were old, and faded, and torn, with pants too short, or burnt off at the bottom, and jackets with sleeves too short, and worn out in front. Such attire was comical enough when one was on foot,

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and became more so when seated high and dry on a horse. And such horses! They had evidently been discarded first by our cavalry, and then by the Federal, and after being worked by the planters, were turned over to us on "vouchers." There was quite a sprinkling of mules in the crowd, and they were in demand, as they were generally in good shape. We had very few saddles, but a detail was made from the carpenters of the brigade, and put under the charge of Sergeant John Guill, of Company "D", Fourth Kentucky, and in an incredibly short time they were turning out superior "trees." They also made some very handsome saddles for the officers. After awhile we were enabled to form a very efficient body of mounted infantry, but at no time could we get a full supply of horses. Consequently, our dismounted camp was nearly as large as the force in the field. We had in the five regiments about six hundred men and horses, when we rode back in the direction of Atlanta, where Sherman had settled down after the summer campaign. It was almost like commencing the war over to start at it on "critter back." As for myself, I felt very uncertain and uncomfortable, perched on a horse. It afforded a splendid opportunity for an ambuscade, when, in addition to being a fair target for a bullet, I might be thrown to the ground and have my neck or limbs broken. Then, too, in a fight, our minds would be continually reverting to our animals. The first skirmish we had, we fought until nearly surrounded, and came very near losing our horses, and that by Federal infantry. We soon learned caution, and could rally on our horses "the same as cavalry."

We were in front of Sherman on his "march to the sea," and the amusing incidents of that campaign would fill a volume.

FRED JOYCE.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

A PARLOR KNIGHT.

Colonel Augur might have been a gallant soldier, but as Lieut. Evans said, "He couldn't be as brave as he looked, for then he would be the bravest man in the world." No one could tell to which army of the Confederacy he belonged; that is, to how many of them, for, according to his own account, at all the turning points of great events, he had invariably played a conspicuous part.

Just after the close of the war, his martial form was the center of all eyes at a famous Northern watering place. He was pointed out as the man who was the recognized leader of forlorn hopes in the "rebellion" and the silent projector of brilliant campaigns.

To the copperhead aristocracy, he was a real hero, and even the loyal belles, who in the presence of their mamas spoke of him as a "horrid rebel," felt for him an admiration they tried to conceal.

"Ah, colonel!" said Miss Boil, the daughter of a noble contractor for furnishing horse blankets, "I had a cousin with your Southern Havelock, Stonewall you call him. Did you ever see that notorious rebel?"

"I carried him from the field, madam, the night he was wounded," replied the colonel with deep feeling.

"Is it possible?" said she. "Of course you knew Gen. Johnston?"

"Intimately," was the brief reply.

"Were you ever with him in any of his stampedes?"

"Only once," said he hastily, "my horse had been killed and he stopped and took me up behind him."

This was too much for Lieut. Evans, of the Ohio infantry, who had been in Sherman's army. "Do you know, colonel, you remind me of Major Alley Jones, of revolutionary fame? Heard of him, haven't you?"

"Can't say that I have," replied the colonel, "you see I didn't take part in that rebellion."

"Anyhow it is real funny how you always make me think of his gallant behavior at Bunker's Hill."

"Is that so?" said the colonel.

"Yes, Alley was a terrible fighter you know, and one day upon being pressed by my grandfather, he told the following:

"Soon after the scrimmage began, I filled all my pockets with cartridges and went out to fight on my own hook. Well, after peppering away for about two hours, I was loading for another whack, when I heard a step behind me. Looking 'round who should I see but Gen. Washington himself. "Well," ses he, "Alley you are giving it to 'em." "Yes," said I, "and if the powder and balls holds out, there won't be nary one left to tell the tale." He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Don't, Alley, don't, you are doin' em too bad." "I am tryin' to do my duty, general," said I. With that he slapped me on the back and said, "Don't call me General, call me George."

Lieut. Evans now paused for a reply.

"A very good story, indeed," said the colonel, "if it were only true."

"Why so," said the lieutenant.

"Simply because Gen. Washington was not at the battle of Bunker's Hill."

"As to the matter of that," said the lieutenant, "neither was Alley Jones."

VETERAN.

[For the BIVOUC.]

HOW BRANDY SAVED TWO LIVES.



CONFEDERATE medicine-chest was about as large as a Confederate "rasher of bacon," and when the poor dog of a soldier went there, he either found it bare or with but a few scattering grains of nauseous quinine, or its disagreeable dilute known as "Dover's Powders;" these he always swallowed under protest or for the soldierly purpose of getting exemption from camp or fatigue duty. From the day of his first answer to "Surgeon's Call" Johnnie Reb became a student of "Materia Medica," and soon learned to prescribe for himself; the following being somewhat like the daily diagnosis:

Monday—Feel Bad, too much salt meat, threatened with scurvy. Remedy, Spiritus Vini Gallici 63.

Tuesday—Lassitude, resulting from broken rest. Remedy, Liquid Corn 63.

Wednesday—Stomach disordered from incessant smoking to kill appetite for food. Remedy, Spiritus Frumenti 63.

Thursday—Sick from eating green corn, colic threatened. Remedy, Distilled Apple-juice 63.

Friday—Frost bite, necessary to reduce inflammation. Remedy, Georgia Pine Top Liniment taken internally.

Saturday—Bad cold from sleep in rain. Treatment, open pores with Copious Alcoholic Stimulant.

Sunday—Buck ague caused by midnight alarm. Nerves to be braced; no Valerian in chest—Substitute, Apple Brandy.

Now, fire-water may kill men in civil life, and doubtless does so, but the soldier in the excitement of out-door life was seldom known to succumb to its baneful influence except occasionally when, on furlough in cities, he indulged in a feeble exhibition of "Jim-jams"; or possibly in camp he whiled away his durance in athletic exercises with the officer of the guard at the guard-house; but these were exceptions, and it were a difficult task to convince one who has gone

through the war mill that the fermented spirit of grain and fruit is not an anodine, a stimulant, and the best possible corrective of the acidity of buttermilk. A soldier always regarded health as of primal importance, and would sit patiently in the fog of an autumn morning, waiting for the medicine to worm its way through the copper tubes; and so great an interest has he been known to take in the hygiene of the camp that he has applied the torch to the still-house when the owner refused to make a run.

To this explanation of the praiseworthy motives of the soldier to get medicine for his many ills, hangs an "o'er true tale" of how apple brandy saved the lives of two Federal soldiers during the late confusion. The truth of the story is vouched for by one of the two, though the quantity given has not yet found its way into the United States Pharmacopœia. The grateful man has not yet sent in his certificate, and besides, being a follower of the temperance St. John, he refuses to fill out the label legend "use as directed", but admits that it took fourteen quart canteens to restore them to their comrades.

This is how the story goes:

In the year of Bragg's invasion of Kentucky the rainy season had set in and, as a consequence of getting very wet, the soldiers became peculiarly dry, and cast about for samples of the "educated variety of corn" or apple. Capt. H., of the Ninth Kentucky, detached two of his company with canteens and orders to fill and bring them to camp at all hazards. Accordingly, the two set out to capture the enemy said to be on a run in the hills, and soon found it difficult to ford the creeks and swollen streams; but on they went until, guided by the white smoke that spiraled above the dark woods, they came, at the same minute, at the still house and into the presence of a company of Confederate Cavalry and were taken in out of the wet. A few drinks were gurgled out of the same canteen and a few questions relative to their business in these parts asked and answered satisfactorily, that is, that the bearers of the canteens were not on war business but simply to get the water of life, and then blue and gray lay quietly down together to the sound sleep of the soldier. In the morning the canteens were filled, and a parting occurred which added a chapter to the horrors of war because it sounded wonderfully like—"Good-bye, Johnnies," "Good-bye, Yanks," and the mingled refrain, "Take care of yourselves, old fellows."

Still it rained and thundered, and the vivid lightning lit up the dark groves from which the canteen bearers expected to see the face of a foe, but none appeared, and the successful foragers, wearied under

the weight of the full canteens, reached the camp from which they started only to learn that their command was fully twenty miles away. They struggled on, whither they supposed their regiment had gone, through the gloomy darkness, wading creeks and plunging through the hollows until they came right into a camp of guerrillas and were captured to await what they supposed to be certain death at daylight.

The prisoners were searched, and, to the delight of the freebooters, the medicine was found. What were two Yankee soldiers compared to the possession of fourteen canteens brimming full of brandy. The prisoners were driven from camp, the brandy was retained, but it saved the lives of two Federal soldiers.

W. M. MARRINER.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

COULDN'T SURRENDER TO A STRETCHER-BEARER.

On the occasion of the Federal advance to Stone River, or Murfreesboro, the Confederates drew back to a line of battle. On the retreat, a young Confederate soldier fell, and a heavy rail struck him across the thighs, but he managed to crawl up to two stacks of straw and drag himself between them for concealment. While here, he was found by Jack Norris, a stalwart six-footer of the Fifth Kentucky (Federal) Infantry, who had been detailed as a stretcher-bearer.

Norris repeatedly ordered the young rebel to surrender, and was as often answered by the snapping of a gun, which would not go off. Colonel Treanor, hearing the cursing of Norris, hurried to the scene, and the young soldier at once said he would surrender to a *soldier*, but not to an infernal *stretcher-bearer*.

The prisoner was a handsome boy of sixteen years, and a nephew of the Confederate general, Wood. The large-hearted Yankee colonel took the boy under his protection, conceived a great liking for him, shared his sweet-potato supper with him, spooned under the same blanket, and bade him "good-bye," at last, with real regret.

This incident illustrates soldierly pride, and brings to recollection the many amenities between soldiers on different sides, which had a tendency to soften the asperities of war into questions of patriotic duty.

Youths' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

August 18. I have been out several times lately with my carbine, but have seen no Yankee. I am determined to get one next time. Miss Sallie asked me yesterday if I was going to capture her that Yankee according to promise, and I told her I would or die. And I will do it. I love her *so much*. She talks so sweet, and her eyes shine so bright! I think she might marry me, however, without my getting that Yankee. She wants him though, and she shall have him. What in the thunder she is going to do with him *I* can't tell!

August 20. I went out again yesterday with my carbine. I took my stand near the road from Milton to Hartwick. This time I found some Yankees. A regiment of cavalry came along about one o'clock in the day. I let the regiment pass. There was a good deal of straggling in the rear. I let them all pass, until, at last, a single man came along. I aimed my carbine at him with one hand, and held the bridle with the other—ready to rush upon him after I shot. Just as he got opposite to me, I pulled the trigger. The confounded gun (give *me* a pistol! That's *my* weapon!) kicked me so hard that I felt as if I had been struck by a shell. It raised such a smoke, too, that I couldn't see the road. I felt sure, however, that I had missed the fellow (I'm not a good shot with the carbine), and as I expected all the Yankees to be after me, I turned Rebel's head and went back through the woods as fast as he could put foot to ground, throwing away the carbine, as I intended to depend upon my pistol if it came to a close fight. I kept on in this way for two or three miles and then rode slowly home.

On thinking over the matter since, I believe I *did* strike that Yankee; I had such dead aim on him, that I must have killed him. I haven't captured a Yankee for Miss Sallie but that is one less to fight against the Confederacy.

September 25. During the last month I have been out several times on a private raid, but failed to capture a Yankee till yesterday. I got one at last. I made up my mind to have one or die. Perseverance always will win. Nothing has ever turned me away from my purpose ever since Miss Sallie told me I must capture a Yankee and bring him to her before she would engage herself to me. I didn't know what she wanted to do with him, but what she told me to do I was determined to

do. I have risked my life many and many a time in order to get her a Yankee, and I got her one at last.

Yesterday I started out and took my stand near the road leading from Milton to Hazleton. I haven't been carrying a carbine since Jim's kicked me so badly and I dropped it in the woods. But I thought I would try one again, so I borrowed one from Bob Johnson and carried it with me yesterday.

I hadn't been long at my post before a regiment of Yankee cavalry came in sight from Milton. I laid low and let them pass. Behind the regiment there was a good deal of straggling. I suppose the rascals felt safe as there was a camp at Milton, and one at Hazleton. They little knew that I was watching them, and would pick up any one of them if a chance was shown me. However, they came along so nearly in sight of each other that I let them pass for some time.

At last, no one came in sight for such a long time that I thought the last one had passed. Just as I was about to turn around and go home, I saw a Yankee coming over the hill; as he came nearer, I could make him out quite plainly. He seemed to be a short fellow, and he had something bright slung over his shoulder. I couldn't make out what it was, but I thought it wasn't long enough for a carbine. I determined to get this fellow at all risks and in order to do it most surely I made up my mind to drop his horse with a shot from my carbine and then rush in on him, before he could recover himself. So I rode through the bushes till I got within about ten yards of the road, in order to make a sure shot of it. He looked very short, but still he was a Yankee soldier, and that was what I wanted. He came along with his horse at a dog-trot, and looked just as safe as if he were in New York City. My heart beat right quick for an instant; I aimed my carbine at his horse and kept it aimed at him as he came along. Just as he got opposite to me, I pulled the trigger. I had dead aim and down went the horse.

I sat still for a minute to see what the fellow would do. I thought I would wait a moment before rushing on him. The fellow rolled off his dead horse, and the first thing the cowardly rascal did was to holler out, "I surrender." I dashed out on the road then, and rode right at him with my carbine cocked and aimed. The fellow screamed out, "Don't shoot! I'll surrender!" I found then that he was a boy about fifteen years old. On horseback, he looked like a man. I told him to give me his pistol. He said he had none. I told him he was a liar. He swore he was telling the truth. I asked him what that was he had swung over his shoulder. He said it was a bugle. I had never seen one before, but I found out afterward that he was telling the truth.

As I was afraid the Yankees would be on me in force if I staid longer on the road, I made the fellow get up before me on my horse, and off I went through the woods as fast as I could. I didn't like to take the fellow up *behind* me, as the scoundrel might stick me with a knife, and I hadn't time to search him. Besides, the rascal would have the advantage of me behind, and might throw me off the horse and ride away. My object was to get him off safe, and it was a soldier's duty to take every precaution. So off I went through the woods, and when I got to the open field, I put Rebel out to a gallop, and kept it up for some miles. When I felt safe from pursuit, I made the Yankee get down and walk in the road before me.

Upon questioning him, I found he was the bugler of the regiment that passed me, and that he had stopped to get a canteen of water for his colonel. I drove him on before me till I got home. The sun was just setting as I rode through the outer gate. The shadows of evening were all around, a light breeze was moving the blades of corn, and the blue mountains in the distance looked beautiful. My heart was filled with gladness, because I had at last fulfilled the wish of darling Miss Sallie, and was bringing her a Yankee.

Mrs. Morrison, Miss Sallie, and Jim were sitting on the front porch as I rode up. They rose and looked at me, evidently in surprise. Jim called out, "What in the thunder have you got there, Sam?" Jim always had a rough way of talking. I told him it was a Yankee I had captured. He said I had better turn the boy loose, and let him go home to his mammy. I got mad at this, and told him I had captured the Yankee at a good deal of risk, and that he was my prisoner, and I intended to do with him as I pleased. I got down then, hitched my horse, and went into the house with the Yankee. I carried him up into my room, examined his pockets, took away his bugle, and then left him locked up in the room.

At supper, very little was said to me by the others, which I thought was a very cool way to treat a man who had risked his life to capture a Yankee, and had got him at last. After supper, I took something upstairs for the Yankee to eat.

I had risked a good deal to get this fellow, and I determined that he shouldn't get away. So I sat up all night, with my pistol near me, ready to put a bullet into him if he tried to make his escape. The fellow gave no trouble, however, but seemed to sleep as soundly as if he were at home.

UNCLE GEORGE.

"After the battle of Sharpsburg, the Yankees ran you pretty close," said I to Uncle George, the other day, in the field, where he was husking corn.

"I dunno what you call close," said he, laying down his husking peg and taking a fresh chew of tobacco. "It 'peared to me we wuz kinder playin' succus, for it war differkilt to say which war after tuther. Mr. Blakely allus 'lowed we war still a chasin' 'em, till we got back on our side ob de ribber."

"Did you come back on pontoons?"

"What you want wid pontoons when you could most wade it? I noed dat well, an' one thing pertickler confidents me in my rickkellection ob de ribber bein' low."

"What was that?"

"It tuk place as we went ober. Lemme see. Yes, my train war halten ter feed on de Verginny side, and I war a settin' on a log a watchin' de infanthers march into de stream jes' same as it war a field ob grass. De orders, understan', war for no man ter stop ter take off his close. Dey war a heap ob gruntin', but de colyum moved rite along. By'm-by, I seen a citerzen-lookin' man stop at der bank, put his musket on de groun', and 'gin ter untie his shoes. Jes' den a big hossifer rid up, tole him ter let his shoes be, and ter go rite down into de water. But de citerzen didnen pay no 'tenshun ter him. 'Do you know, sir,' ses de hossifer, 'raisin' his sord, 'dat I am de ginerallcom-mandin' dis dewision.' With dat, Mr. Citerzen, now barfoot, riz up, wid shoes in one han', an' muskit in de odder, an' shakin' de shoes at de hossifer, ses, 'An' do yer know, sir, dat I am a member ob de Verginny Legishlature. Be mo' keerful ob your languidge, sir;' an' den he rolled up his pantses an' went into de water, all de infanthers givin' him a cheer."

"Maybe he was a State Senator?"

"From de way he kerried hisself, in spite ob his rags, he mite hab been de guvner! Enny way, I hearn Smith Johnson say dat old Stone'all's foremos' flag war never much ahed of him in a fite."

"When you came back that time, the Yankees were close behind you, wer'nt they?"

"In course, as soon as de ribber war atween us. But nex' day a mity onusual thing expired."

"What was that?"

"Well we war all agoin' alon' stedy, frou a piece ob woods on one

ob dem nasty kentry roads. De sun war shinin' good an' warm; everything war calkerlated ter make a pussen happy, 'cept de stumps an' gullies ob de road. All ter onc' I begin a hearn a funny kind ob noise ahine me. Thinks I, 'Yankees about sur'. On castin' my eyes aroun', I seen Mr. Blakely a ridin' like mad, an' yellin' at de drivers. As he passed me, he waved his hat an' hollered, 'Git out'n hyeah.' Rite away dar war a rattlin' in de rar, an' takin' one more look, I seen a big dust, waggins bouncin' along, an' a lot ob hoss cavery along de roadside. Well, hunny, afore I concluded what ter do, Dobbin' gin ter rar an' pitch, an' de whole train, as fur as I could make out ter see, war a tryin' ter pass one anudder in de stumpy road."

"Were the Yankees coming?"

"Wot you ax sich a foolish question fur? De waggins behin' war a comin', an' I war'nt gwine ter be runned ober, an' 'sides, Dobbin war doin' his levil best ter bust things ter pieces generally. We soon got mixed up orful. Rite ahead ob me war a one-hoss hitch-up, belongin' ter a suttler-man."

"What's a suttler-man?"

"Well, he's a military pussen what keeps a corner grocery on wheels. He don' show nuffin but cakes an' terbacker an' matches, but he mostly sells whisky an' other kinds ob pizen. Well, dis one didn' had his waggin more'n half full ob goodses, an' as de ole gray galloped along de boxes an' kegs had a reg'lar dance. They'd forwurd four an' cross ober, an' all hands aroun' same as people."

"Didn't they bounce out?"

"Dey tried ter, 'specially at de stumps, but dey war a man in thar ketchin' at 'em, an' tryin' ter hold 'em in, an' at de same time cussin the boy which war drivin', whenever they gave him a restin' spell. Ef I had'en bin so skeered ob upsettin', I would a laffed myself onter de groun' at dat suttler-man. Jes' as I war pooty nigh tickled ter deff, I hyearn a man say rite fornenst me, 'Halt, you black scoundrel.' My har riz rite up, an' I war on de pint ob makin' a remark, when I seed it war one ob our own men. He soon passed me, follered by a hull company, hollerin' 'Halt, halt,' as dey pushed by. I knowed den it war a stampede, an' it war'nt long 'fore de whole train cum down ter a walk."

"What became of Mr. Blakely?"

"He done scanlous. Dey neber cotched him till dey got way pas' de train, an' I hyearn Smith Johnson say dey handled him pooty rough, for he war de 'cashun ob de whole bizness."

CHIP.

BARRING OUT THE SCHOOLMASTER.



N good old times, we used to have to fight for our holidays," said old man Robbins the other day, when his two grandsons kept begging him to sign a petition to the Board for a holiday.

"Fight for it!" exclaimed Robert.

"Yes; fist and skull, and none of your handin' round begging papers like that. Why, when *I* was a boy, we'd a scorned sich a business."

"Oh, pshaw, pappy!" said the boys' mother, "children weren't a bit pluckier then than now."

"They weren't, hey? How can you expect anything but Miss Nancys, with your buy-sickles and your rolly-coasters. Why, when *I* was a boy, we'd play bandy and bark our shins, and when we wanted a holiday, we'd just bar the master out."

"Tell 'em," said the mother, "about the time you barred out Mr. Colston."

At this the old man looked for a moment mad, and then burst out laughing at something he saw in his "mind's eye."

"Yes, granddaddy," chorused the boys, "tell us about it, do."

"The fact is," said he, pausing to light his pipe. "that ain't much to brag about, but, all the same, I'll tell you how it was."

"It happened at the Battletown school, in North Calinny. I was but a mite of a chap then, and didn't have much of a hand in the business."

"The old master, a raw-boned Irishman, had broke down tryin' to mend the manners of us boys, and quit to git back his health."

"The Battletown boys were sich a bad lot that it was hard to git anybody to take the Irishman's place."

"Well, by and by, a young theology student in the village, by the name of Colston, undertook the job. He was a small, wiry man, with red hair and dandy-like ways."

"Folks said he had a powerful sight of college learnin', but was of too light weight to run the Battletown school. But nobody else offered, so the trustees 'lowed to give him a trial."

"Well, for the first week, everything went on as easy as an old shoe. He was so polite, and knowed so much that the boys couldn't have no pretense to raise a row. The bullies of the school were Tom Shanks and Josh Entler. They soon got tired of the way things was going on. They had put pins in his cheer, and spit tobacco

juice on the stove, and done a lot of other small deviltries, but the master took no notice of 'em.

"One Monday morning, it began rainin' and kept on till Thursday. The river got orful high, and there was talk of having a holiday to go and see the freshet. But the master wouldn't hear of it, and so Tom and Josh begin to look like they meant business. Thursday evening the big boys held a council of war, like.

"'He's nothin' but a city pup, anyhow,' says Tom, 'without a bit of sand in him, and he ain't the kind of a man to wipe out our insti-tushuns.'

"'Yes,' ses Josh, 'if somethin' ain't done, people will soon take the academy for a Sunday-school.'

"'Tell you what, fellers,' says Tom, 'let's show him a thing or two. Let's bar him out.'

"'It's a go!' all cried, and soon the plot was laid, Tom and Josh promising to take the lead.

"Well, next morning, bright and early, most of the boys come early to the school-room and set to work to hold the fort. They locked and barred the door, and nailed down the windows, all except one, which Tom and Josh said they could hold against a regiment of red-headed Colstons.

"Pretty soon, we saw the master a-comin', and we little fellows begin to wish it was all over. Mr. Colston tried the door, but couldn't git in. Seeing Thomas at the window, he asked him to stop with his jokes, and to go and unlock the door.

"'Would like to accommerdate you,' said Tom, 'but we is barrin' you out.'

"'Pray, what does that mean?' said Mr. Colston, stepping up to the window in a playful kind of way.

"Tom and Josh were both settin' in the window, with their legs hanging outside.

"'What does it mean, hey?' said Tom. 'Why, it means if you don't knock under, we are goin' to give you a duckin'.'

"At the word, the master caught a leg of each of the leaders and dragged them down. I never saw a man make as many of hisself as Mr. Colston did. He rolled Tom and Josh over and over, till he got 'em to the woodpile, and then he took a stick and banged 'em till I thought he would have murdered them. Both boys soon fell to beggin', but the master went on bangin', stopping between the licks to preach. At last he quit for want of breath, and told Thomas to climb in the window and unlock the door. But the door was already

opened by those on the inside, and the master came in a-leadin' the bullies by their ears. By the time he was seated the scholars were all in their places, expecting the woodpile to fall on them."

"Did he wallop you all?" said Sam.

"He never tetched a hair of our heads. Just when we were a-wonderin' where he would begin, he got up and spoke a little speech, asking us to excuse him for havin' let his temper git the better of him, saying that it should never happen agin."

"Then you didn't bar him out after all," said Bob.

"Bar him out! Why, Tom and Josh never throwed spit-balls after that. They were so skeered of lettin' the master's temper git the better of him."

BOURBON.

SKIRMISH LINE.

THE BOY SOLDIER.—During the battle of Chancellorville a Confederate major met a lad returning from the front. His arm, held by shreds of flesh, was dangling from the elbow.

"Mister," said the boy to the officer, "can't you cut this thing off? It keeps knocking against the trees, and it's mightily in my way."

The major dismounted, cut off the useless limb, and tied a strap of his blouse around the stump to stop the bleeding. "What regiment do you belong to?" he asked his thankful patient. "I belong to that North Carolina regiment in there," answered the lad, pointing to where the battle was raging. "I'm just sixteen, and this is my first fight. Don't you think it was hard that I should get hit the first time I was ever in a battle? We drove them out of one line of breastworks, and I was on top of the second when I got hit. But oh, how we did make them git."—*Northern Exchange*.

A STORY OF GENERAL LOGAN.—It is well known that John A. Logan, who was a Member of Congress at the time the war began, left Washington when he saw there was going to be a fight, and seizing a musket, walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to take part in the battle. He had on a swallowtail coat, but he stood up to the rack as long as anybody did. He was back in Washington the next morning a good deal out of breath, and was telling some of his fellow-congressmen all about it.

"Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from the north woods of New York.

"Why, I was there myself," said Logan. The New Yorker evidently had not heard the news, for he seemed a little mystified and asked, as if wishing to solve the mystery of Logan's speedy reappearance: "Are the cars running?"

"No," said Logan, "the cars ain't running, but every other d—d thing in the State of Virginia is, as near as I could make out."—*Chicago Herald*.

A REMARKABLE SOLDIER.—One of the most remarkable private soldiers on either side in the late war, was a young man named Tom Kelly, a private in the Second Michigan infantry. The remarkable began with his build. He had arms a full hand longer than any man who could be found. He had no more backbone than a snake, and could almost tie himself in a knot. He could tell the date on a silver quarter held up twenty feet away, and he could hear every word of a conversation in a common tone of voice across an ordinary street. He could run half a mile as fast as any officer's horse could gallop, and there was a standing offer of \$10 to any man who could hold him down. On a bet of a box of sardines he once passed six sentinels within an hour. On another occasion he entered the Colonel's tent and brought away that officer's boots.

When Tom's remarkable qualifications were discovered he was detailed as a scout and a spy, and was changed from one department to another. In the capacity of a spy he entered Richmond three times. He entered Vicksburg and preached a sermon to the soldiers a week before the surrender. He was in New Orleans five days before that city was taken. He was a man who firmly believed that he could not be killed by an enemy, and he governed his movements accordingly. During his three and a half years in the service Kelly captured fifty-two Confederates and turned them over as prisoners. He himself was captured and escaped five times. As a spy he entered more than thirty Confederate camps and forts. He was fired upon at least one thousand times, and yet was never wounded. He said that he would never die by the hand of an enemy, and his prophecy came true. In the last year of the war, while bringing a captured Confederate scout into camp, both were killed within forty rods of the Union lines by a bolt of lightning.—*Reveille.*

A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE.—A veteran of the war, who was not particularly remarkable for his bravery in the ranks, but who, nevertheless, is in receipt of a comfortable pension, was relating his experience as a soldier.

"Were you ever taken prisoner?" he was asked.

"I guess I was," he replied, emphatically, "I was a prisoner of war for eight months, and slept on the ground in the open air, all the time. Some days I would get something to eat and some days I wouldn't. I nearly starved to death."

"It must have been a terrible experience," remarked one of his listeners.

"It was, indeed, a frightful experience, but I tell you, gentlemen," and here he lowered his voice and spoke very earnestly, "it wasn't near as bad as fighting."

IN old times the negroes of the plantation household were almost as proud of the social position of their master as any of the children, and as anxious for the preservation of the good name of the family. An old Florida mammy once showed her pride in this quaint style:

Her young masters, both lads, were conscripted and ordered to Pensacola. They were taking a tearful leave of friends, when the old "mammy," thrusting herself forward, exclaimed:

"Now, young masters, stop dis hyer cryin; go and fight for your country like men, and mind, don't disgrace the family, nor *me* nuther."

DIDN'T I CAPTURE YOU?—After the battle of Kernstown, when Jackson, with his broken columns, was slowly retreating up the Shenandoah valley, there was a great deal of miscellaneous fighting between small detachments of the opposing armies. Robert Smith, a Confederate, was quite active on the advanced lines of reconnoissance. Robert, we regret to say, was unduly fond of fire-water, and many were the bold efforts he made to get it, on doubtful ground. Upon one occasion, he captured a Yankee straggler, and led him triumphantly off towards the Confederate lines. Passing a spring, the two stopped to take a cooling draught, and sat down to rest. The prisoner pulled out a concealed flask, and hospitably offered Smith a drink. The courtesy was highly appreciated, and very soon, while swapping yarns, the bottom of the flask was reached.

"Come," said Smith, "it is time we were going. I must take you to headquarters." "That's cool," said the Yankee, "from a prisoner, too." Both were fuddled, but Smith particularly. "Didn't I capture you?" said the Confederate. "Not by a — sight!" said Mr. Yankee. "I captured you." "How is that?" said Smith, and down they sat, and argued the question. Just as Smith was about to yield to the overpowering logic of his prisoner, another Confederate arrived and settled the question.

THE following story is told of a young, blue-eyed Englishman, whose handsome face was always full of sunshine and merriment. He belonged to a Company stationed at Charleston, S. C. :

"He used to mimic the many pompous officers, stalking majestically around with their gold-mounted field-glasses, after a fashion irresistibly comic; for he wore slung over his shoulder three joints of cane, which were being constantly, and most ostentatiously, leveled at the enemy.

"On one occasion, Eustace F—— mounted the observatory, and adjusted this mock glass to his eye.

"After gazing awhile, he suddenly dropped his cane, leaped from the structure, and alighted among the men below, consternation depicted on every feature of his expressive countenance.

"'What's the matter, Eustace?' was eagerly asked.

"'The matter! Why, I brought those Yanks so close up with my glass, that I became frightened, and ran off.'"

This reminds me of an incident that occurred just before the battle of Slaughter Mountain. I was one of the party of four that was sent by Stonewall Jackson to reconnoiter the enemy's position. We ascended the mountain, and were going down on the *other* side. Thinking it best to stop and take a look, the captain in command halted, and ordered Isaac B—— to climb up and reconnoiter. After getting up about thirty feet, he burst out with unintelligible expressions of astonishment. It was only after repeated inquiries that he exclaimed: "We are all in among 'em!"

The writer met him as he was coming down, and was soon equally amazed. There, apparently almost in a stone's throw, was Bank's army. We had come, without knowing it, almost to the edge of a cliff, at the foot of which lay the Yankee columns, "like grasshoppers on the plain." Our captain now climbed up and made a map of the scene, and we then went rapidly to Jackson's headquarters. Two hours afterwards the battle of Slaughter Mountain began.

M.

NELLY.



HE plantation owned by Nelly's papa, was some three miles distant from the family residence, therefore, only the few servants necessary for household service lived upon the "home place." Their cabins, somewhat removed from the house, had escaped the flames. "Maum Winnie's" was larger and better furnished than any, and far more attractive in appearance. A rustic fence built by her old husband, "Uncle Abe" (long since dead), enclosed a small yard where grew all kinds of bright, gaudy "posies," with here and there a bunch of mint, or parsley, or sage, and an occasional stalk or two of cabbage. Over the little porch were trained morning glories, and a flourishing gourd vine. Beneath, on each side, ran a wide seat, where, in the shade, "Maum Winnie" used to sit with her knitting, or nodding over the big Bible which, on Sunday evening, she always pretended to read.

The neat fence was now broken down, the bright flowers all trampled and crushed by the feet of men and horses. Inside also, the once spotless floor was muddy and stained with tobacco, all the old woman's treasures being broken and scattered.

Amid all this confusion, in the little front room, once the pride of Winnie's heart, was carefully placed almost the only thing saved from the burning, an easy chair, cushioned upon the back and sides, and covered with old fashioned chintz. How the faithful soul had managed to get it there no one could have told, but there it stood, and Winnie said: "Dat ar wos ole mistis' cheer, an' she sot in it plum t'will she die. Ole Winnie couldn't stan' an' see *dat* burn *nohow*."

Upon the little porch sat Nelly and her mama on the morning after the fire, worn out with excitement and feeling utterly forlorn. Soon Winnie appeared, bearing upon a gay red tray, two steaming cups of coffee. Mrs. Gray took only a sip or two, then setting the cup upon the bench at her side, she grasped the arm of her old servant, and leaning her head upon the faithful breast, began to sob and moan piteously. Nelly, at this, also cried bitterly. Tears streamed down Winnie's fat, black cheeks. But the faithful negro tried to soothe and comfort her mistress, patting her shoulders as if she had been a baby, saying: "Dah! dah! honey, don't take it so haad. Try to trus' in de Lawd. He dun promus, an' he aint gwine back on nobody. I'se dun *sperience* dat."

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At last won by Nelly's caresses and Maum Winnie's coaxing, the weary lady consented to take some repose in "old Missis' cheer," where, leaning her aching head upon the cushioned side, she fell asleep.

Nelly greatly enjoyed the strong coffee (which she never before had been allowed to drink). It made her feel very wide awake, and presently she strolled off toward the adjoining cabins. These were quite empty. The men servants having disappeared with the Federal soldiers the night before, the women had followed to their camp, not far distant. Not a living thing was to be seen; even the chickens had disappeared. The whole scene was very desolate—the smoking ruins, the deserted cabins, a cloudy sky.

Soon the child remembered her play-fellow "Ponto," and began to call him. A doleful whine answered her, seeming to proceed from under one of the negro cabins. Nelly stooped to look, but could only see two glowing eyes, and hear the knocking of the dog's tail upon the ground. Ponto had been so badly frightened that no coaxing or ordering would induce him to come out. So his little mistress walked angrily away, and passing through the broken gate, stood looking up and down the road. Presently there came riding along a Federal officer on horseback, who, discovering the forlorn child, stopped to speak to her.

Nelly's first impulse was to run away, but instead, she stood clinging to the gate post, kicking the ground with one foot, and flashing angry glances at the "Yankee." The officer sighed deeply as his glance fell upon the ruined home, and then upon the little tear-stained face before him. Dismounting, he approached more closely and strove to take the unwilling hand. But the child now broke into a storm of sobs, crying out, "Go away—you're a naughty Yankee, and I hate you—you *alls* have burnt up my mama's pretty house and all our things—and my mama just cries and cries—but my papa is gone to fight the 'Yankees,' and I hope he will shoot them all."

The soldier slowly paced back and forth, "Ah," said he softly, "if this were my little Ida—*God bless her!* Little girl, where is your mama? Perhaps I can help her. Will you lead me to her?"

The child had hidden her face upon her arm, but now looked up in affright. "You wont *hurt* my mama? You ar'nt going to burn up *Maum Winnie's* house?" said she.

Gradually his kindly face and gentle manner reassured her, and she was at last persuaded to convey to her mother a few lines which he penciled on a card.

To Nelly's surprise Mrs. Gray consented to receive the "Yankee," and the little girl was sent to conduct him to the cabin.

The lady was standing at the door as the officer and his little escort drew near. Nelly thought she had never seen her mama look so pretty. Her eyes were shining, a lovely red spot glowed upon each cheek, but she did not smile, as she *used* to do, when receiving a guest, and while offering the stranger a seat, she remained standing, looking very tall and grand.

During the conversation which followed, Mrs. Gray learned that, as a battle was imminent at the front, it was impossible to pass her through the lines (which had been her hope when she consented to see the officer). It was equally impossible to remain where she was. Her only place of refuge was her mother's home in Maryland, where she had been raised, and had lived previous to her marriage.

Promising to arrange for her transportation to the nearest railroad station, the kind-hearted officer took his leave.

When "Maum Winnie" was told of the proposed journey she was greatly troubled. But when Mrs. Gray further informed her that she was *free* and not expected to make one of the party, her distress knew no bounds. Rushing out of the cabin, she seated herself on a log at some distance and throwing her apron over her head, rocked her body to and fro, wailing out, "Oh my Hebbenly marster, 'pears like I ain fitten to bar all dis trubble—An' how dem dar gwine to do 'doubt ole Winny."

After awhile, drawing her pipe and tobacco from her pocket, she sought the comfort of a smoke. Just then Ruthy, the cook, made her appearance with a large bucket on her head. Flaunting past the old woman she entered the kitchen without a word, and set about preparing a supper for the hungry inmates of the cabin. Where the material came from she declared was "her bizness," and her saucy manner and independent talk so confounded "Maum Winnie" that she asked no more questions, concluding that "Mars Yankee sont 'em and made dat gal fotch 'em."

Mrs. Gray and Nelly had few preparations to make for the morrow. The child, soon after sunset, threw herself across the foot of the high feather bed which stood in a corner of the cabin, and slept soundly. "Maum Winnie," taking off her shoes, bustled about in her stocking feet, apparently, very busy. Her movements were for some time unobserved by her mistress, who was lost in thought. At last, kneeling before the fire-place, she reached up the chimney and brought out from its hiding place, an old black tea-pot, with a broken

spout. From this she took several papers of dried "yarbs," some watermelon seed, an old thimble, a broken tea-spoon, a lock of "de old man's har," and lastly the foot of an old stocking firmly tied up.

This last it took some time to undo, but finally, approaching Mrs. Gray, she turned out into the astonished lady's lap what proved to be a collection of gold and silver coins, the hoarded savings of years, and the gift of many whom she had served.

VIOLETTA.

Capt. John McGrath, an officer of the Thirteenth Louisiana Regiment, Adam's (afterwards Gilson's) brigade, Breckinridge division, tells the following story of the Kentuckians of the same division.

While in front of Chattanooga, the Kentuckians were sent down to Chickamauga station to guard the depot. It was a common thing for soldiers, while on such duty, to appropriate the contents of boxes sent to other soldiers and stored in the depot awaiting transportation to the front, which was just then difficult to obtain.

On one occasion, two members of the Second Kentucky, entered the depot at night for the purpose of supplying themselves with some of the dainties which they felt sure of finding. Opening the first box they came to, they were delighted to discover two new suits of clothes—one uniform and a fatigue suit. Having divided their booty, each smuggled his own portion into camp, where sharing the same tent, they somewhat scornfully threw off their ragged jackets and "turned in."

The next morning each tried on his new suit. One who had secured the uniform, paraded gleefully up and down the narrow confines of the tent, saying as he passed his hands repeatedly over the neatly fitting suit, "did you ever see a better fit? My own tailor might have made it." Suddenly while smiting his breast, the rustle of paper was heard, and it was discovered that a letter had been sewn in the pocket. Quickly ripping the stitches, he drew it forth and read with astonishment the superscription. *It was addressed to himself. He had stolen his own box!*

At once he claimed the other suit, but failed to obtain it. His companion in iniquity insisted that the agreement had been to divide equally, and he proposed to keep his share of the plunder, and from this there was no appeal.

Capt. McGrath served throughout the war in the Thirteenth Louisiana. In 1861 the regiment mustered eight hundred strong. In 1865 the same regiment surrendered *nineteen muskets*. Comment is unnecessary.

V.

Editorial.

THE rejoicings in the South at Cleveland's election are purposely misunderstood by designing men. The glad cry of joy that rises from the Ohio to the Gulf, is not the "Rebel yell." It is but the burst of thanksgiving of a proud and gallant race, who, after suffering for years robbery and insult, slander and misconstruction, at length realize that they are trusted and their manhood recognized by the American masses. Indeed, it is not so much the election of Cleveland as the small majorities in the North obtained by the party which rested its hopes upon sectional hate, that gladdens the heart of the Southland. Despair has yielded to patriotic expectation and the hitherto alien Confederate feels that he is clothed with the panoply of full citizenship. The offices are not thought of, except so far as there is some assurance that they will not be filled in the South by the avowed enemies of its creeds and traditions. The Confederates expect and ask for no recognition in the distribution of the spoils of political victory. They only ask to be let alone and allowed to work out their own salvation, as full-fledged citizens of a common republic.

PARTY SHACKLES DO NOT BIND THE COLORED MAN.

AT present, Mr. Lincoln shines in American history as the great liberator of the African race—not so much because he is believed to have been the first President to exert the powers of his office to free the blacks as that, animated by a love of humanity, he dared to set at naught the constitution of his country to help the cause of universal liberty.

It is not proposed to discuss the question whether a man is *ever* justified, by exigencies of state, in violating his oath of office, or in putting the demands of humanity above the obligations of plain duty, though the conduct of Mr. Lincoln is supposed, by his admirers, to have settled it in the affirmative.

Our only purpose is to suggest that blind zeal may have gone a little too far, and, perhaps, done the object of its adoration serious injustice.

The truth is, Mr. Lincoln was neither the first to think of such an abuse of trust, nor consented to engage in it, till warranted by an act of the Rump Congress, and, in some degree, justified by necessities imposed by civil war.

The honor of having first conceived the sublime deed of wiping out slavery by the stroke of an official pen, and, indeed, of partly putting it into execution, belongs to John C. Fremont, the unhonored founder of Freesoilism. This is proved by the Rebellion Record, made up at Washington, and published by act of Congress. The following extracts are sufficient:

PROCLAMATION.

“HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
SAINT LOUIS, August 30, 1861.

“Circumstances, in my judgment, of sufficient urgency render it necessary that the commanding general of this department should assume the administrative powers of the State. * * * * *

“The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken an active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men. * * * * *

“J. C. FREMONT,

“Major-general Commanding.”

“WASHINGTON, D. C., September 2, 1861.

“Major-general Fremont:

“MY DEAR SIR—Two points in your proclamation of August 30th, give me some anxiety. * * * * *

“Second. I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph, in relation to the confiscation of property, and the liberating slaves of traitorous owners, will alarm our Southern friends and turn them against us—perhaps ruin our fair prospect in Kentucky.

“Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the first and fourth sections of the act of Congress entitled, An act to Confiscate Property used for Insurrectionary Purposes. * * * * *

“Yours, very truly,

“A. LINCOLN.”

“HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
SAINT LOUIS, September 8, 1861.

“The President:

“MY DEAR SIR— * * * * *

And so in regard to my proclamation of the 30th. * * * * *

“This is as much a movement in the war as a battle, and, in going into these—

I shall have to act according to my judgment of the ground before me, as I did on this occasion. If, upon reflection, your better judgment still decides that I am wrong in the article respecting the liberation of slaves, I have to ask that you will openly direct me to make the correction. * * *

"Yours,

— "J. C. FREMONT."

"WASHINGTON, D. C., September 11, 1861.

"Major-general Jno. C. Fremont :

"SIR— * * *

"Assuming that you, upon the ground, could better judge of the necessities of your position than I could at this distance, on seeing your proclamation of August 30. I perceived no general objection to it. The particular clause, however, in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberation of slaves, appeared to me to be objectionable in its non-conformity to the act of Congress, passed the 6th of last August, upon the same subject. * * *

* * * It is, therefore, ordered that the said clause of said proclamation be so modified, held, and construed as to conform to, and not to transcend, the provisions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress entitled, "An act to Confiscate Property used for Insurrectionary Purposes."

"A. LINCOLN."

The famous emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln was not published till more than a year after this correspondence, and it was only resorted to as a war expedient against an armed and threatening foe. Upon any other ground, public opinion would not have sustained the measure, for the great body of the men who fought and won the victory were contending for the integrity of the Union, and not for the freedom of the slaves. It was no more a blow struck for humanity than the proclamation of the Athenian Assembly to the Spartan Helots, or those of the British generals in the Revolution to the slaves of the American colonists.

The credit of having abolished African slavery belongs to neither section. It was the natural and inevitable result of the civil war.

Neither is the South to be blamed alone for its existence, if blame there be. And if there was any crime in continuing it after the Declaration of Independence, those most guilty of it were the Northern representatives, who forced Mr. Jefferson to erase from his first draft of that instrument the clause abolishing the African slave trade.

The freedmen are, therefore, at liberty to choose their own road. They are as free from obligations to party as from any claim of personal ownership. On the other hand, the white men of the South owe them a debt of gratitude, which, as men known to be not

ungrateful, they will surely pay, now that the day of strife-breeders is over. They have not forgotten how, when they were away in the army, the blacks not only fed but cherished their unprotected families with a fidelity without a parallel in history; and not a few remember how, when turned, half-starved, from the front door of the "big house," they got food from the cabins. By a strange turning of events, the ex-Confederates are impelled by the strongest motives of interest to defend and protect their elective franchise. And since they are neither fools nor ingrates, there is a bright promise of the two races working together for the common weal of the land of their nativity.

At the request of the writer, the following is published. If any reader of the *BIVOUC* can give a clew that may lead to the desired information, will he please take a little trouble to do so? Humanity, as well as a common brotherhood, constrains us. We have Northern exchanges which will gladly do as much for any of the ex-Confederates:

532 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 17, 1884.

Editor Southern Bivouac:

DEAR SIR:—My brother, Major Adolph G. Rosengarten, was killed on December 29, 1862, on the eve of the battle of Murfreesboro', on Stone river. He was in command of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania (Anderson) Cavalry, under Gen. Stanley, Chief of Cavalry. He fell in leading an attack, by his command, on the right or south side of the Wilkinson pike, where he encountered an infantry force behind temporary defences. That force comprised part, if not the whole, of J. P. Anderson's Fourth Brigade of Wither's Second Division of Gen. Polk's First Corps. It consisted of the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-eighth, and Thirty-fourth Alabama, and the Tenth and Nineteenth South Carolina, and was temporarily under command of Col. A. M. Manigault. That officer wrote to me long ago, that he had, at my request, inquired of the men of his command, and could get no trace of any of my brother's sword, sash, watch, etc. I was once told that they were in possession of some one in Alabama, and I should be very glad to recover them from any one who now has them. My brother's body remained in the Confederate lines during the night after his death, and in the morning was brought over, under a flag of truce, but without any sword, or other articles of value. My friend, Col. Nicholson, tells me that you have effected the return of several swords, etc., and I need not say how grateful I should be for my brother's, if, after this long interval, it could be recovered. I know of no inscription or marks by which it can be identified.

Yours truly,

J. G. ROSENGARTEN.

MRS. MARY BLACKBURN MORRIS.

ON the 18th of October last, at the "Blackburn Sanitarium," near Louisville, died one of the noblest daughters of the South—**MRS. MARY BLACKBURN MORRIS.** She was the wife of the late Judge Buckner Morris, of Chicago, and the sister of ex-Governor Luke P. Blackburn, of Kentucky.

Among the heroic women who wrought by angelic deeds to soften the fate of Confederate prisoners in the North, she shone conspicuous. A life adorned throughout with beautiful works, was, during the four years of the war, particularly distinguished by intrepid acts of kindness to the Confederate prisoners who were brought to Chicago. She not only "visited the sick in prison, and clothed the naked," but, at the risk of severe treatment, secreted in her elegant home escaped prisoners. At her house the noted Captain Thomas Hines, the present Chief Justice of Kentucky, was hid an entire day between two bed mattresses, with detectives searching every nook and corner of the place for him. For her bold and unceasing efforts in the Confederate cause, she and her husband, Mr. Morris, were arrested and imprisoned for four months. Their health suffered by the confinement, and their release cost them the bulk of a princely property. Her death carries grief into the families of ex-Confederates all over the South, by whom her memory is honored as that of a benefactress.

The following extract, from the proceedings of a soldiers' meeting, at Gallatin, Tennessee, shows the place she holds in the esteem and affection of ex-Confederates:

"On motion of ex-United States Senator James E. Bailey, Colonel Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., General William A. Quarles was called to the chair. After taking the chair, General Quarles paid a high tribute to the many virtues of the noble woman whose memory they had met to commemorate.

"The Chair appointed Lieutenant Polk G. Johnson, Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, Secretary, and W. O. Brandon, *Clarksville Tobacco Leaf*, B. M. Degraffenried, *Clarksville Democrat*, and R. H. Vancey, *Clarksville Chronicle*, Assistant Secretaries.

"The meeting, being organized, was opened with prayer by J. W. Lupton, of the Presbyterian Church.

"On motion of Captain Thomas H. Smith, of the Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, the following Committee on Resolutions was appointed:

"Captain Thomas H. Smith, Forty-ninth Tennessee Infantry, Chairman; Captain Louis R. Clark, Tenth Tennessee Infantry; Private J. R. Rogers, Eleventh Tennessee Infantry; Major D. F. Wright, Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry; Private T. A. Turner, Forty-second Tennessee Infantry; Colonel James E. Bailey, Forty-ninth Tennessee Infantry; Lieutenant Chas. W. Tyler, Fiftieth Tennessee Infantry; Austin Peay, Woodard's Cavalry; Major John Minor, Tenth Tennessee Cavalry; Lieutenant H. C. Merritt, Morgan's Cavalry; Captain P. F. Gracey, Cobb's Battery; T. J. Munford, One Hundred and Fifty fourth Tennessee Infantry; Captain W. D. Taylor, Price's Army, Missouri, Lieutenant A. M. Trawick, Sixteenth Arkansas Infantry; Private T. D. Luckett Morgan's Cavalry; Captain J. W. Scales, Longstreet's Staff.

"The committee retired, and, upon their return, reported, through their Chairman, a set of resolutions from which the following is taken:

"On February 22, 1862, the first of the Confederate prisoners of war arrived at Camp Douglas, in the suburbs of the city of Chicago, Ill. These happened to be mainly of the Forty-ninth, Forty-second, and Fiftieth Tennessee Infantry regiments, all of Montgomery county, with Thomas H. Smith, Sergeant, as the ranking officer (for all the commissioned officers, upon what was then thought to be a line of good policy by the Federals, were separated from the non-commissioned and privates and sent to Johnson Island or Fort Warren), as thus leaving the regiments without their commissioned officers, it was thought they could the more readily be induced to take the oath of allegiance, or desert their flag and its cause.

"Little did they know the material of which these regiments were composed, and but little time was necessary to show that the private was, in all respects, the equal, and often the superior, of his company or regimental officer.

"On this day, cold, hungry, weary, wet with the falling snow and rain, without adequate protection in clothing or shelter, they stood in little groups of shivering, hungry men, with nothing to sustain them but their indomitable spirit of manhood and patriotism. It happened they were placed in the barracks from which a Federal regiment had that day been sent to the front. Fortunately for our poor fellows they had, out of their abundance, left here and there crumbs and crusts of bread, and these they eagerly gathered up and greedily devoured. Strangers, as they supposed, in a strange and distant land, they neither hoped for nor expected relief from the gentle hand of friend, and still less from that of the foe; but after many hundreds had come and gazed upon them as upon as many wild animals captured from the forest or jungle, the matronly form of a woman, who, their experienced eyes told them, was of our Southland, came in their midst with look and word and deed of sympathy and love.

"The form referred to was that of her whom we are met here to-day to honor, whose name, already engraven on our hearts, we would give our humble efforts to place where it of right belongs—on the living annals of the history of the times as one of its great and heroic workers, illustrating and exemplifying human nature in its highest and grandest type. From the date of the birth of the Saviour of mankind to this hour, no higher evidence of His divine origin

has ever been vouched than this; He came as a sacrifice for the good of mankind, as an exemplar for every Christian life. He draws nearest Christ who can reverently and humbly give himself or herself as a sacrifice for the good of others, and surely if ever a human being did put away the things of this world and follow after her Master, she did."

DR. S. M. BEMISS.

On the 16th inst., at his residence in New Orleans, occurred the death of one of the South's most distinguished sons, DR. SAMUEL MEMFIELD BEMISS. Though past sixty, he apparently enjoyed perfect health, and his sudden decease from apoplexy was a painful surprise to a wide circle of loving friends.

The following brief sketch is taken from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*:

"He was one of those to whom the sentiment of fear was a stranger, and in every sphere of life he did his duty nobly and well. A devoted Southerner, he promptly and ardently espoused the cause of the South, and leaving a lucrative practice in Louisville he entered the Confederate army, in which his recognized professional ability and his untiring zeal soon won for him distinction and high rank. Those who served with him and who witnessed his cheerful acquiescence in all the hardships of army life, his indomitable courage and patriotic devotion to the cause, loved, admired, and honored him, and will to-day lament the loss of a true soldier and a warm friend.

"Dr. Bemiss was born October 15, 1821, in Nelson county, Kentucky. His parents were Dr. John and Elizabeth Bemiss, his father being a native of Massachusetts and his mother of New York. After receiving his preliminary education from his father and private tutors, he entered the medical department of the University of New York. He afterward located and practiced his profession in Bloomfield, Kentucky. In 1853 he removed to Louisville, where he continued his practice until 1862, when he joined his fortunes with the South and entered the Confederate army. In 1863 he was appointed a full surgeon and ordered to Virginia.

"In 1864 he received the appointment of medical director in charge of the hospitals in the rear of the Army of Tennessee, which position he held until the close of the war. He then returned to Louisville, but in 1866, having accepted the chair of the theory and practice of medicine and clinical medicine in the medical department of the University of Louisiana, he removed to New Orleans. In 1879 he was appointed a member of the Board of Experts appointed

by Congress to investigate the yellow fever epidemic of 1875. He was also appointed a member of the National Board of Health, which position he held at the time of his death.

"Dr. Bemiss was also for a number years a member of the New Orleans Board of Health, and at the time of his death was a member of the American Medical Association and professor of the theory and practice of medicine and clinical medicine in the medical department of the University of Louisiana, and visiting surgeon of the Charity Hospital.

"Yesterday morning he delivered his clinical lecture at the hospital on the subject of apoplexy, telling the students that men of his build were liable to its attacks. Shortly after, he complained of feeling unwell and went home.

"His family did not feel alarmed until late in the evening, when about 5.30 his breathing became very short, and Drs. Richardson and Logan, who live in the neighborhood, were hurriedly sent for, but he died of apoplexy before they could arrive.

"He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss."

MR. DAVIS, it seems, is the skeleton in the political closet of some of our "leading journals." The ex-President of a dead Confederacy refuses to die. He not only lives, but shows a vitality both of mind and body that surprises and disappoints some people.

Recently, General Sherman went out of his way to heap insult on his defenseless head. He said that Mr. Davis was not "a secessionist, but a conspirator." The charge was denounced as false by Mr. Davis, and, thereupon, the victim of the calumny was politely requested, by some of his former constituents, to "maintain a dignified silence." These would-be suppressors of Mr. Davis are foes to all candor of speech from Southern men. They vainly imagine that the true policy of the South is to play the sneak. Therein they show not only a treacherous mind, but a profound ignorance of the manliness of the Northern masses.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION.

The New Orleans Exposition is opportune. It comes, with all its glory to signalize the beginning of a brilliant national epoch. Already the country has felt the influence of its meaning, and the North has given appreciative response. It is more than the herald of the approaching day—it is the beginning of it.

When icy winter has bound fast the frozen North, there, under the bright Southern sun, will gather men from all parts of the Union. Not only will they be warmed by the soft breezes of the South, but their hearts will be melted by the kindness of her genial sons. Not stranger or more pleasing in mid-winter will seem the beauteous flowers of the clime than the radiance of its fair daughters. The gilded magnate, the frigid capitalist, and the petrified dude, whether they hail from the grief-stricken capital of Maine or the heart-broken City of the Lakes, will hasten to put on the livery of the queens of the South; and, if ever they go home again, return only as missionaries to a benighted land. And then, what a world of wonders awaits the inventive Yankee, who, like John Gilpin, "'though on pleasure bent, is of a frugal mind." The treasures of the South, there spread out in fair array, will speak to eager listeners, and suggest new fields of ungathered gold.

But the Exposition and the people is not all. There is the journey overland to the Crescent City. Though borne with the speed of the iron horse, the empire of hill and plain must, perforce, be seen and admired. Then is discovered what mountains of lies have been piled up about the Southland. Instead of neglected fields, tumble-down houses, and a people besotted with drink and crime, there will appear well-tilled fields, cosy homes, and laborers at work early and late, and everywhere the busy hum of thrift and industry.

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Its circulation has been increased more than five-fold within a year, but this has been accomplished by untiring labor and at some loss.

Its publication was commenced by an association of ex-Confederates for the sole purpose of preserving for history the stories and incidents of the war that never appear in army reports. It was the first to lead off in this venture, and has been quickly followed, not only by the newspapers North and South, but the leading magazines of the country are making it an especial feature in their issues.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is the only Confederate soldiers' magazine published in the United States.

At the outset, the price of subscription was fixed so as just to cover the cost of publication and postage. Other expenses were not considered, such as compensation of agents, advertising, etc. In the meantime, composition and material have advanced, and we, therefore, feel justified in raising the price, hereafter, to \$2.00 per annum.

In return for the small advance, it is our purpose to further approach the standard of excellence all desire. The change in price has been made by the advice, and, indeed, at the urgent request of many of our patrons.

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WILLIAM N. McDONALD, Editor,
Private Stonewall Brigade.

E. H. McDONALD, Business Manager,
Major 11th Va. Cavalry.

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Our subscription list for the last year having exceeded expectation, we find ourselves short of the September and February numbers of Vol. II, for which we will pay 15 cents each, to be remitted by mail or credited upon account. Those who can spare them, will please send by mail.

W. N. HALDEMAN, President of the great Louisville Courier-Journal Co., tells what he knows of

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL CURE.

Dr. Wintersmith,

OFFICE OF THE COURIER-JOURNAL, LOUISVILLE.

Sir: I waive a rule I have observed for many years, the value of your remedy prompting me to say, in reply to your request, what I know of your Chill Cure. The private assurances of its efficacy I had, and the good results of its effects I had observed on Mr. R. W. Meredith, who, for more than fifteen years, has been foreman of my office, induced me to test it in my family. The results have been entirely satisfactory. The first case was of two years' standing, in which I believe every known remedy had been tried with temporary relief—the chills returning periodically and seemingly with increased severity. Your cure broke them at once, and there has been no recurrence of them for more than six months. The other case was of a milder form, and yielded more readily to other remedies; but the chills would return at intervals, until your medicine was used, since which time, now several months, they have entirely disappeared. From the opportunity I have had to judge, I do not hesitate to express my belief that your Chill Cure is a valuable specific, and performs all you promise for it.

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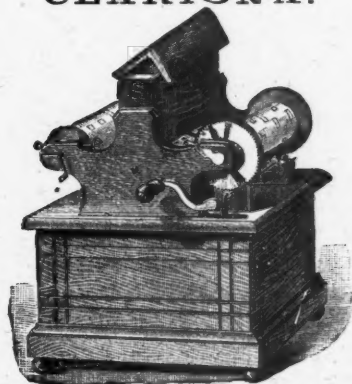
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